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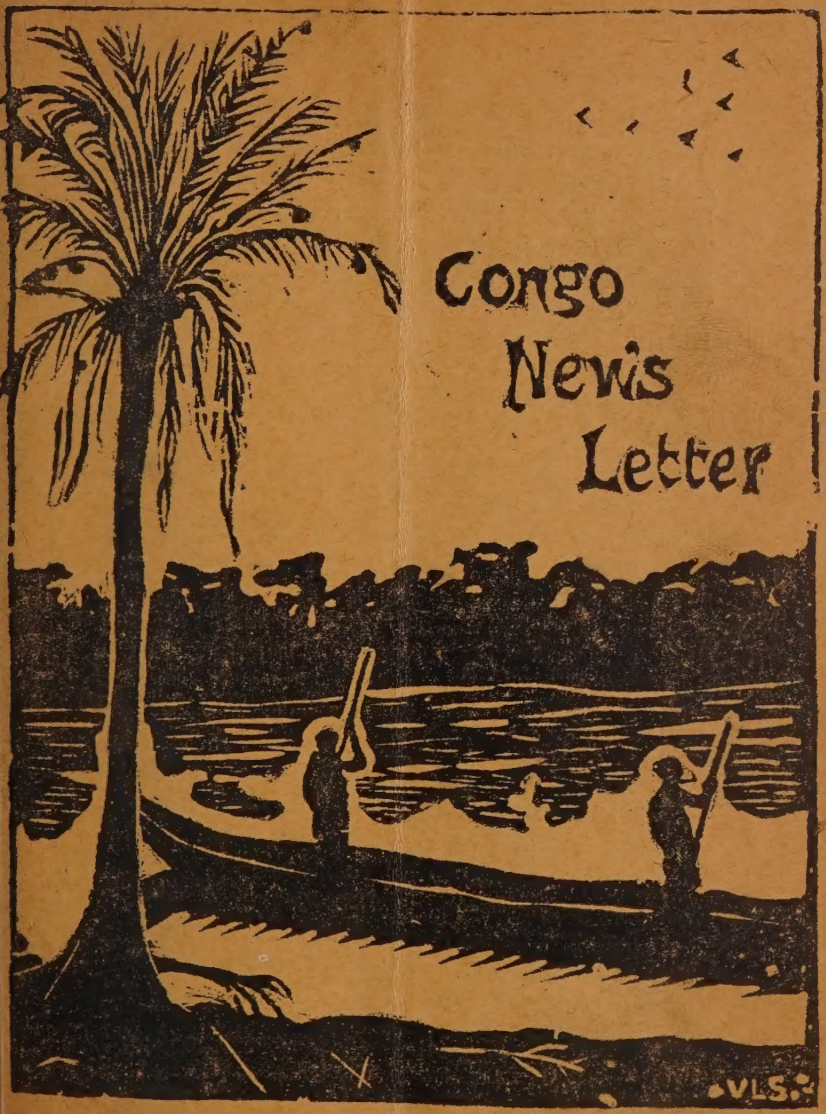

OCTOBER 1939

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PREACHING MISSION AT KIKONGO

We have heard much about preaching missions these last few years. If by a "preaching mission" we mean an individual or a team going around to different churches and places because they have felt an urge to bring the Good News to others, then we have had a preaching mission on a small scale here at Kikongo this past dry season.

During this term, the spiritual condition of the churches in our field has been an especially heavy burden on our hearts. The leaders were too much concerned with internal quarrels and with the fact that they considered themselves very much underpaid to get out and shepherd their people. The church members were indifferent, many of them actually living in sin. The inquirers were not being taught and brought into the church. The climax came when the largest tribe in our field decided (on the word of their pastors) that it was "too far" to come to the mission station for the Easter meeting.

Personally, we had been praying for many months that a new spirit might come into our people; but now we definitely asked the students to join with

us in prayer groups, daily bringing the needs of the field before our God, and asking that we might be guided in our dealings with the pastors and churches. When school was closing, we placed the problem more particularly before the students from that section, and asked for volunteers to give their dry season vacation in service to the churches, emphasizing the need for spiritual rebirth, and for fellowship among Christians.

It was something new and untried on the part of these students and the proposition was received by them rather doubtfully at first. They are used to thinking of the dry season as a time in which they can work and earn a little money. To go out in the service of the church with no pay, and even without any guarantee of expense money, seemed like a real venture of faith to them. But the call seemed real too, and among some of them there is a growing sense of the need of their people, so there was a good group of volunteers.

As could be expected, we found the group representing many different types of students: those who went because they had a real message for a time of need, others who were "willing to try anything once" and still others who were going home anyway and thought they might as well get what they could free of cost, as we were giving out some mimeographed suggestions that we thought might be of help to them. Needless to say, we were not able to make this classification of them at the time, but it developed as the dry season went on.

We asked them all to keep a written account of their travel and work in the different villages so that we should not have to depend on memories when

the vacation was over. Here are excerpts from some of these reports:

"Only three women and two children came to the service, but we had a meeting with prayers, songs, and some teaching. The next day many came to hear the words of God."

"After the service two former church members came up with fetishes that they had been using in secret, and said, 'We have lost the way but we want to return to God now.' "

"There was no chapel in the village, so I went with the village people and we cut the necessary sticks and got the house well started before I left the village." (This occurs over and over again in a number of the reports.)

"They rejoiced to hear the words of life."

"The people knew how to pray. They made no noise during the service."

"The village people asked for a teacher." (This is seen often in the reports.) In one place—"They had a teacher's house but nobody to live in it and they wanted a mission teacher."

"In this village they did not come out well to the services, and when we rang the bell for work, they did not come either."

"I slept four days in this village. The people came gladly to the services. During the four days we cut sticks, built the walls of a chapel, gathered grass and thatched the roof. Everybody joined willingly in the work."

"The people came out for services both mornings and evenings. But they do not bring food to their teacher. During the days I was there I was hungry

all the time."

"When it was time for me to leave, they all asked me to stay on for a while."

"In one village the chief had just been struck by lightning, and every one was filled with fear. I told them that we were on God's business. As we started the meeting the sun shone through the clouds, and I said, 'See, He does not forget His own.' "

"When it was time to go out to work, the teacher's wife was right in the forefront. She used to be a school girl at Kikongo."

And so the reports go on and on. Sometimes the visitors were received gladly, sometimes they had to go hungry or sleep on the ground under the open sky. Once at least they were flatly turned away from a village without even a hearing. In many places a good offering was given, in others nothing at all. Where there was no chapel or no teacher's house, usually one was started. Sometimes, of course, the people did not work very willingly, but one student reported sagely, "When the teacher led, the people followed."

When the students went in a group to the government agent to have their tax-books signed for the year, he gave them some food, including some meat. I said, when they told me about it, "That was certainly nice of him. He was under no obligation to do that." And one of the boys replied, "Yes, but we asked him in French."

This same boy was sent by the state man to help at a trading post on the Kwango river. When the work for which he had been sent was finished, the Portuguese trader wanted him to go along to Popokabaka and stay in his employ. We can under-

stand that it was a real temptation to him to be offered 200 francs a month; but he refused the offer. He said, "I am here in the Lord's work, and if either the missionaries or my companions hear that I have gone into commercial work, it will be a stumbling block for them."

A special effort was made by those who went, to reach people who had formerly been active church members, but who were out of the fellowship of the church either for open sin, or for indifference in giving. Many of them were stirred to repentance, so that one of the students who went wrote on communion Sunday that only one person had been excluded but twenty had come back to full fellowship and membership.

We have just returned from a long itinerary, a month of which was spent in the tribe about which we have been telling. We saw the results of these preaching missions. Two of the students seem to have caught the vision in a special way, and to have done a work that was a blessing both to themselves and to their churches. In the annual meetings of the churches on this trip, a total of 227 were baptized. The two largest goups — 48 and 63 respectively — came from the two churches visited by these students. Both of them had planned to give a month to that work, and then to come back to do a little work for cash the remainder of the vacation. Both of them became so enthusiastic about the work when they saw the deep need, and the response to their message, that they spent the entire vacation in the villages and came back only the day that they were due for school. One of them wrote at the end

of his report: "Whoever reads this, please pray for us, for the people here still sit in darkness."

Rhoda Armstrong

DEVELOPMENT OF SONA BATA MEDICAL WORK

A full-fledged medical work did not begin at Sona Bata until after the occupancy of our hospital in October 1928, so this survey really covers the ten year period beginning January 1, 1929. Previous to this a large volume of very effective medical work had been done by lay missionaries, notably Mrs. Frederickson. Dr. Knauss was at Sona Bata for a three year term beginning in 1913 but found it impossible to return after his furlough period. There was then a long interval without any doctor until Dr. King's transfer from Banza Manteke in 1925. The accomodations which he found consisted of a small two-room dispensary and two wards separated from it by a distance of one-fourth mile. No mission builders being on the field at the time it fell his lot, with the help of Mr. Armstrong, to spend much of his time during that term building a hospital and doctor's residence with which to carry on a more expansive medical work.

It was on October 22, 1928 that a meager supply of medicines and a much more limited supply of equipment were moved to the new quarters, the only completed part of which was the administration building consisting of examination rooms, laboratory, drug dispensary and store space. The main part of the hospital was then represented only by walls — with openings for doors and windows — a roof, and

a floor of bricks laid in mud. The openings were covered with grass mats and the first surgical and serious medical cases were placed on hard board doors, supported by a log at each end, of which we had only two at first and later four. Most of the patients slept on the brick floors and frequently came to us complaining of being bitten during the night by the "Ntunga" — Congo floor maggot — a sort of grub which lived in the earth between the bricks of the floor. Their frequent complaints led us to lay cement over the bricks as quickly as possible. Slowly and laboriously doors and windows were made and put in by native carpenters.

It was not until the beginning of 1929 that the the first large shipment of drugs and equipment, including autoclave (steam sterilizer run by kerosene) and operating table, arrived. From then on the work began to grow by leaps and bounds, leading to our record registration of 1900 dispensary patients during the month of May 1929. Through the kindness of friends in the Homeland the first lot of a dozen modern steel hospital beds was received in the beginning of 1930 and surgical work took a spurt. Since then furniture and equipment have been gradually acquired, including a home-made steam plant costing about $40, until they now suffice for all ordinary medical, surgical and obstetrical work. Our hospital is now one of 68 beds with an average of 5,000 dispensary patients and 1000 in-patients per year.

From its beginning as a simple dispensary and hospital our medical work has gradually expanded to include various other phases. In 1930, at the invitation of the government we began a systematic annual

medical examination of 10,000 people as a part of a program to eradicate African sleeping sickness, yaws leprosy, tuberculosis, etc. All those found with any of these diseases are obliged by law to submit themselves for treatment. This has already resulted in the reduction of sleeping sickness to a minimum in our part of the Congo.

To help reduce a very high infant mortality of 50 percent, baby clinic was opened in 1932. Here an average of 125 babies are weighed, examined and treated weekly. Soap is given to the mothers to encourage them to keep the babies clean and garments are given out from time to time to help keep them warm.

Realizing that the churches of the homeland could never expect to send out enough doctors and nurses to treat the millions living in this country, a nurses' training school was initiated in 1933. It is a five year course leading to the reception of a government diploma. Already ten young men in addition to our old trusted native head nurse, Timothy Mfiengi, have finished their training and are in active service.

Having discovered through our annual medical surveys that about 1 percent of the people have leprosy, it was decided in 1935 to open a leper colony. A mud dispensary, food store, nurse's home and 40 huts, which are now occupied by as many lepers, were built by the government. The government gives free medicine and clothing in addition to a grant to help buy the food which they cannot raise themselves. Recently through the generosity of the American Mission to the Lepers, we have begun to build a center of permanent brick buildings; such as dispensary, hospital, school, nurse's home and dormitories

for the untainted children of the lepers. Last January a branch of the Sona Bata church was organized amongst the lepers and monthly communion is now served at the colony to prevent their coming to the station and mixing with the rest of the church people.

In order to better serve the 100,000 people in our large district we began in 1936 to establish rural dispensaries in association with certain of our 35 native churches. Two already functioning at Benkana and Kinzila are treating an average of 400 patients each per month.

Our most recent development was the establishment in January this year of a prenatal clinic with an average attendance of 25 expectant mothers. This in addition to other factors has already resulted in tripling the number of obstetrical cases coming to our hospital.

While only the purely medical phase of the work has thus far been mentioned the ultimate purpose of it all is to witness for Christ and His marvelous love, leading to the salvation of those who truly believe in and accept Him as their Saviour. Daily chapel services are held at the dispensary, hospital, leper colony and rural dispensaries, giving every one who comes an opportunity to hear the Gospel. Personal work is done with the hospital patients by students in the nurses training school. Those who come to the various clinics also have the word presented to them. The Congo people note and appreciate the Christian spirit prevalent in all phases of our work and amongst them are those who testify to their having found Christ through it.

G.W. Tuttle

A NEW MISSIONARY'S INITIATION

Africa! All day the "Leopoldville" had been hugging the coast and we (Misses Agnes Anderson, Emily Satterberg, Vendla Anderson and myself) were able to view the beautiful landscape. At 5 p. m. on Sunday, August 13th, the boat sailed into the harbor at Matadi, just as the sun was setting. Everything presented a charm to our eyes for we had heard some stories from the people aboard ship. Distant hills and valleys, the village nestling on the bank amidst the palm trees and the curious crowds coming to see who had arrived, presented a notable picture.

The Swedish Mission folks met us at the landing and after the custom officer had duly examined our baggage, we were permitted to go on our way, to the Mission house. Early Monday the train left Matadi bound for Leopoldville. Since I was to get off at Lufu, I had only to ride about three hours. I really enjoyed the ride, and the scenery along the way was pretty — beautiful tropical plants and flowers, bananas, mango and eucalyptus trees, all lent their beauty to the changing panorama.

A hearty welcome from Dr. Carpenter and Miss Bonar who were at the station to meet me assured me that I had alighted at the right station. (No conductor on train to call the station.) It certainly was fun to ride with them in the truck to our mission station. Miss Ehnbom had a typical American dinner ready for us, which was a real treat. After partaking amply of the choice viands (my first dinner in Congo), we went out on a tour of inspection. Those of you who have visited or worked at Banza Manteke know

we have a beautiful station. Located on a hill it affords a splendid view of the valley and surrounding mountains.

Just one night at Banza Manteke and then on Tuesday morning I boarded the train that went to Leopoldville. Here, at Leopodville, I am taking the stage for one month in order to complete the government requirement for a medical certificate.

My first Sunday in Congo — I shall not soon forget it. Attended three native services that day, and while I could not understand the language spoken it was interesting to look at the faces of these dusky folk. The people seemed hungry for God's truths and expectancy was portrayed on their faces. There must have been 600 or more in the church building at one of the services, and many stood listening outside.

Last Sunday I had the pleasure of being present at the Matondo services held at Sona Bata. It was a joy to see so many natives gathered together from the villages for the sole purpose of worshipping and praising God. How they love to sing and what harmony! Was specially impressed at the evening services when two of the older Christians spoke. Their faces, stamped with true happiness, must have told to all present what great things God had done for them.

Sunday again. How pleased I was to go with Mrs. Watkins today to some of the villages outside of Leopoldville. The natives came to see the new arrivals. They greeted us, welcomed us and sang for us. What smiles they have! When they smile it goes all over their faces.

I think of my first contact with the natives and

the overwhelming sense of futility, of the many questions that flashed through my mind, which really all meant the same thing: "Whatever difference can my coming make?" Thank God for the sweet assurance that followed as I lifted my heart to Him for the precious reminder that God uses futile things to bring to pass His eternal purposes. Our own words may never make any difference to anyone but the Word which God has sent us to proclaim will ever bring forth fruit and be the power of God unto salvation to the black folk as well as to everyone else.

As we visit the State hospital clinic from day to day, strange sights confront us: Crowds squatting round the tin-roofed dispensary, waiting their turn to pour out their woes and to be given comfort and relief in their sufferings. All ages are there, old men and old women, faces and bodies ornamented or marred by tatooing, brought along by the neighbors, younger men and women, girls and boys, tiny children and wee babies, all with something the matter. One sees a line of anxious mothers each carrying some little one to the nurse, each hoping to find some one who really can share her burden of care and give her something to help make her babe his own smiling bright-eyed self again.

These sights tell a story: The story that Jesus read in the lives of the men and women of His day, that of a great need; and that need He satisfied wherever He went. The challenge that came to St. Paul comes to us today: "Come over and help us." And if we listen we shall hear the voice of Jesus say: "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."

Into the native life of Africa came one day the missionaries in response to the blessed Master's command and a great work is being done. Every mission station in the country districts has its little store of medicines and many missionaries may find themselves the only ones near to administer life-saving potions. It is the Christian teaching that overcomes in the African the fear of sickness and of the shadow of death. They need help in the fight with disease and preventing sickness. Africa requires much of us and shall we not in the name of Christ give to these a cup of cold water?

Since I have mingled so little with the natives I reserve impressions concerning Congo and its people until a later date.

Lena Youngsman

BOARDING SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Following daily devotions and roll call, dormitory duties and garden work occupy the early morning hours. From 10 o'clock till noon the girls are divided into groups for Bible study, singing and sewing lessons; and afternoons are given to a general curriculum followed by gymnastics. Evenings the girls attend the chapel services conducted for the whole community.

This year five Big Sisters were appointed as group leaders to assist in the general care and discipline of the girls. Each leader had a book with the names of her girls and all aimed for spotless pages. There was consternation bordering on tears and heartbreak if inspection revealed dirty hands, unclean teeth,

chiggers in toes, or lost tools, etc. When wrongs were righted the Big Sister would plead that I eradicate the "black mark" against her child and make the page clean and white once again.

If pupils are happily occupied, discipline problems are reduced to a minimum. When a group of 55 live in circumscribed quarters it is a wonder there is so little of petty bickering and pilfering. Only two girls were dismissed for persistent quarreling. The over-plus energy of 5 others was directed into cutting of firewood for a few fays, and one or two "rested" a few hours in my storeroom that calm and peace be restored to the school. Small money fines for lost tools and persistent refusal of a refractory few to "swallow" needed quinine or salts brought a speedy end to most of the discipline problems. We have proved over a number of years that the work can be carried on without corporal punishment. Careful planning, firmness with love and some laughter are essential aids to development of those Christian virtues and graces in these girls and women of Africa.

The girls presented a special program of Scripture and song at Christmas time. They joined forces with the boys' boarding pupils in a candle light service for Easter. March 17 to 28 twenty-two of the girls accompanied me with Dr. Witt and nurses on a tour of 15 villages in the section of Lake Leopold II. The girls took complete charge of all religious services and in several of the larger towns presented in pageant the story of Naomi and Ruth. The people in this area have had no medical care from the State or Mission for years, and were touchingly grateful for the doctor's help. Many sick came

from villages which time prevented us from visiting. We were delighted when one evangelist came with over half his school pupils asking that they be examined and given treatment for intestinal parasites. This treatment ends with a purge-salts. The people in this area have difficulty in saying "s" and usually substitute an "h". Those of you who know the French nomenclature will appreciate our amusement early on the trip to hear a town crier bellow forth, "You who have had worm medicine, come, come quickly and get your "hel-anglais".

One afternoon the girls dressed in Sunday best and marched to the compound of Ilanga, King of the Bolias. They greeted him, sang several songs and spoke a few verses. To show his immense delight the old king rang some bells tied about his loins and threw a handful of money to them. This was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Two of the girls had slight colds and trembled to enter his courtyard. They said, "Mama, if we cough in the presence of the king, he will think we want to join his harum. We are scared!"

The king was able to be up and walk about, but really was very ill and had been for months. Last week word came that he has since died. Heathen witchery and belief prevented him from going beyond the bounds of his own kingdom and so he could not be persuaded to seek medical aid at Tondo. The Gospel Light has not yet effectively penetrated all the dark corners.

Six of our girls were baptized with 24 other candidates at an impressive Easter service. Pray for them as they return to the trials and temptations of village life, that thay may know victory and be active little

missionaries even in their own homes.

April 28th all of our local schools gathered in the chapel for a song fest. The following Monday evening the girls presented the pageant "Ruth". On Tuesday afternoon our lawn was a place of great happiness and hilarity as 94 girls and women sat at a feast of cassava cakes, rice, fish and palm oil, and peanut-butter balls. A New Testament was awarded the woman making the most progress in reading, pencil-boxes to fine scribes among the girls and women, scrapbooks to embryo artists, and bed-sheets to 3 girls who had an excellent health record for the whole year. The hymn "God be with you till we meet again" and a unique prayer by one of the teachers concluded a truly happy and successful school year. The next morning the girls left for their homes. Most are sincerely grateful for the real privileges provided by your gifts of missionaries, money and White Cross, and continual prayer interest. Many of the older girls are ready and willing to help village evangelists and teachers, but there are still strong prejudices about the place of women and girls in village life. We pray that some pupils may be courageous enough to make increasingly possible the building of Christian homes with a family altar, and a new love and desire for children; and for obedience to simple rules of hygiene, which will enormously decrease sickness and death.

Marguerite Eldridge

This is the day the Lord hath made;
And whether I walk in sun or shade,
This is His day.

SOUTH-EASTERN CONGO

Eight days up the Congo and its major tributary, the Kasai, on a comfortable stern-wheel steamer, one night at Thomas Cook & Sons' palatial hotel at Port Francqui, three days and nights on a not-too-uncomfortable-but-very-dusty train brought us to Elisabethville, the Provincial Capital and wealthiest city in Congo. Elisabethville is founded on copper, surrounded with mines and smelters, and owned and operated in major part by the "Union Minière" and its many subsidiary companies. One cannot occupy land nor even cut firewood in all the province of Katanga without permission (and tax assessments) from the "Comité Spécial", one of the subsidiaries. Another owns the railroads, another runs cattle ranches, another mills flour, another produces the various chemicals needed for the copper industry or salable by-products, another mines coal, and still another makes cement. However, Elisabethville is a pretty and attractive town, though one rather resents the extremely high cost of living there which results from this monopoly of industry. The population is roughly the same as that of Leopoldville, about 3000 whites and 30,000 natives.

We spent a month at Elisabethville, including trips to the Rhodesian copper belt just across the border to the south and to Chibambo and Mbereshi on the Luapula river to the northeast. The Luapula journey was exciting. By misdirection we were led to trust ourselves to a small and leaky canoe, already overloaded with cement, which threatened to fill and sink before we had gone half a mile — and we had eight miles to

go. The river, we learned afterward, is full of crocodiles. Turning back we were caught in a torrential rainstorm, and emerged on the bank like drowned rats. Fortunately a motor-driven fishing boat offered us shelter and passage to Chibambo, where we dried out and got warm again. The next day we had to take our car across the same river on a "ferry" improvised out of two iron boats and a frame of timbers. The bank was so steep we had to be let down it by a rope with twenty men holding back in addition to our own brakes: then on the other side we had to BACK off the raft and be hauled backward up a bank just as steep, and then drive a dozen miles through high grass along the top of the bank to the nearest road.

The next day again we fell through a bridge; the loose poles forming its roadway spread apart and let our rear wheels through, and it took us three hours of desperate toil to get on top again. However, the effort of the journey was worthwhile, for we managed to reach Mbereshi, Miss Shaw's very famous girls' school and a less famous, but equally interesting, boys trade school. Mbereshi is unique in its water-supply — they dug a canal eleven miles long and diverted the Mbereshi river water into it, so that a lively little stream waters the whole station, with dipping places and pools at convenient points and lovely flower gardens on its banks.

The Mission work at Elisabethville is all in the hands of one family, the Booths, with whom we boarded while there. But what a work they do! Large congregations and Sunday Schools, both in the city and at ten outposts; a school of more than seven hundred, children crowding in until the walls threaten to

bulge; a thriving book-store; organized parish work in fifteen districts of the city with a multiplicity of meetings and activities every week; heavy administrative responsibilities for the whole Methodist Mission; and still they find time to prepare text-books in three African languages and French. Of course the secret is partly in knowing how to work effectively with a splendid corps of Native associates; one of whom understands nineteen languages and can preach in fifteen of them. (He needs to, for Elisabethville is a Babel of tribes from all over central Africa.)

Leaving Elisabethville by car (we bought Bishop Springer's 1936 Plymouth) we travelled over rather good roads to the second city of Katanga, Jadotville, which mines and refines such a variety of copper ores that they call it a "geological scandal"; a side trip to Bunkeya where we saw the war drums of old Chief Mushidi, ruler of all that region prior the Belgian occupation — and saw, too, some most interesting native games played by the school children; on to Musenoi, which expects to become another Jadotville in a year or two, thanks to copper ore containing up to 80 percent pure copper; and so on to Mutshatsha, Kalene Hill, Kakwata, Dilolo, and station after station of our missions in the Katanga. We travelled from one to two hundred miles a day, four or five days a week; spending all our waking time either on the road or in conference with the missionaries at each station. That was our life for weeks. Our note-books began to bulge, our minds over-flowed with impressions until details blurred and ran together.

But some things stand out clear: Dr. Piper's lovely

(Continued on page 22)

CHILDREN'S PAGE

ZULU SEES SHAME

It all happened on a Sunday afternoon. And it wasn't just an ordinary Sunday afternoon either. It was Matondo time. Now Matondo is something like Thanksgiving (it really means "Thanks") and something like New Year's. The church people gather from everywhere, the mothers and daddys and all the children, and attend special meetings on Saturday and Sunday, and give special thank offerings.

Now Thanksgiving can be only on Thanksgiving day and New Year's only on New Year's day but Matondo can be any day the church people decide for it to be. This year the people in Leopoldville decided to have Matondo the first Sunday in October, and Zulu was one of the little children chosen to sing at the big meeting on Sunday afternoon.

You remember I wrote you in July about Zulu, how he loved to come to school but couldn't because his mother and daddy had moved to another part of the big city? Well, he hasn't grown very much in these few months but he is coming to school again. He must get very tired walking all that long way every day, but I guess he just can't stay away. He loves it so and has so much fun.

The kindergarten children had learned the children's offering song "Hear the Pennies Dropping"

and Zulu and three others were to sing the chorus in turn after each verse. Sing it each one all by himself as he dropped his pennies to show the mothers and daddys how to give their "Thanks" offering. Sing it like this:

Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping,
Hear the pennies fall;
Every one for Jesus, —
He shall have them all.

The last day the children practiced, Zulu did the best of all. He sang real loud and he dropped his pennies just so. The missionary lady was very proud of him.

Then came Sunday afternoon. The meeting was being held out-doors and a big crowd had gathered. And everyone was all dressed up and singing and listening to the preacher and feeling happy and thankful. Then it was time for the children to sing. They all stood up and came up in front and there was a special high platform for Zulu and the three others so that everyone could see them drop their pennies in the collection plate as they sang, each one by himself.

First little Ndiadi, who has four brothers and whose great big father is a deacon, sang, and then two little girls, Nzumba and Manzangidi, and then it was Zulu's turn. The others had sung very well but Zulu just knew he was going to sing the best of all. He got his pennies all ready to drop and when all the children singing together had finished the last verse he started in real loudly. Oh, I know everyone could hear him, and all the mothers and daddys were so interested. He sang: "Dropping, dropping",

as he dropped one penny and then another penny —— and then he put his hand over his mouth and made a funny little sound, just like black folks do when they have forgotten something or done something wrong, and began to cry.

He had forgotten his song. And he had meant to sing better than anyone else. The missionary lady tried to help him start over again but he was "seeing too much shame"; he just couldn't. His little heart was broken, because everyone was laughing at him. Poor little Zulu! But the shame he saw didn't cause him to stay away from school the next day. He was there right on time, a brave little fellow. So I think he will grow up to be a very brave man, at least I hope so.

Margaret Hall

(Continued from page 19)

rest cottage by a waterfall, where we had a picnic lunch; flat swampy uplands where the road ran on embankments, sometimes ten miles at a stretch; roads churned to impassibility by heavy cotton trucks, and others choked with tall grass until driving was "by faith and not by sight"; huge piles of pure tin, in cubic foot bricks, at the enormously rich mines at Manono — tin for which there is just now no market; a boiling spring, shunned by Natives and shown us by genial, burly Alexander Clarke, who discovered it; the Howell twins, lanky Australian cow boys turned missionary, who look so much alike they can't tell themselves apart. (David saw his reflection in a full-length mirror one day and exclaimed, "Hello, Dick, I didn't know you were here.") We crossed and recrossed most of the rivers of Congo, more than

sixty ferry passages, but they were generally on well-built public ferries and not as hazardous as our first.

Eventually we worked northwards into the forest country near the equator. There we found hunting tribes, almost naked, bodies rubbed with red camwood powder, incredibly dirty with hair matted down and plastered with grease to keep out animal life, The hunters we met by the road, armed with bows and spears, looked like the cannibals they are, and we did not always want to stop the car in their villages. But we found there more artistic craftsmanship, in knives, spears, bows, pottery, grass-cloth and wood carving, than anywhere else we went. In the depths of forest country we found an eight-year old mission station, a clearing hewn out of the wilderness as our ancestors must have done in America; but boasting already a girls' boarding school, boys' school, dispensary, and excellent shops complete with steam engine, power tools and an electric light plant. The man in charge was away, but his wife was burning a kiln of bricks in his absence.

Turning south again, three days of endlessly repeated hairpin turns and frequent ferries brought us to Lusambo, another provincial capital, not a large town, but complete with government offices, swimming pool, jail, monastery, garage, stores, schools and post office — all the earmarks of an important center. Then to Bibanga, notable for Dr. Kellersberger's leper work which includes a chaulmoogra plantation which yields the oil for treatment; to Kasha, where we touched the railroad once more; to Lubondai where the Presbyterians maintain a school for white

children; on to Mutoto, training school center for the vast and populous Presbyterian field. Increasing fatigue made us welcome an invitation to the Mission vacation center at Lake Munkamba, but it proved to be more than mere tiredness, for Isabel came down with dysentery, and we had to remain an extra week at Mutoto under Dr. Smith's expert care. Then on to Luebo, historic old station but chiefly interesting to me for the excellent press (complete with type-casting equipment) which turns out a volume of native-language literature unequalled in Congo. Luebo schools are thronged, too, with about three thousand children in the local schools and many thousands more throughout the district.

After a brief trip to Bulape in the Kingdom of the Bakuba, a tribe of famous artisans, we turned westward, through the diamond mining area about Tshikapa, visiting the Congo Inland Mission, the Unevangelized Tribes Mission and a number of independent stations and so to Vanga, Moanza, and a heartbreaking three day drive to Sona Bata, which we reached late at night on Easter Sunday.

We came to Léo the following week and are now getting organized at the "desk work" side of our job.

George W. Carpenter

After a term in the Belgian Congo, Mr. and Mrs. Lester O. Hooks are now proving themselves indomitable home missionaries. Located at Fort Ann, N.Y., they minister to a large surrounding area. A recent article in Missions tells the story of their revival of the church in Adamsville, N. Y., a rural church which had long been closed. It is now in a flourishing condition.

VANGA NEWS

With summer vacations over Vanga is again a busy hive of activities. Our boys' school of two hundred is going full swing. Two of our Kimpese graduates are in charge until Mr. and Mrs. Robbins arrive. We have now four Kimpese men on our teachers' staff at Vanga. Also a number scattered through our district schools and pastorates. May their tribe increase.

Miss Shepard has started the girls' school with an enrolment of fifty, and others yet to come.

The hospital work is running true to form with all hands on deck and busy. Soon Miss Jorgenson will again start our work with the Baby Clinics. After two years of long drawn out piece-by-piece work the hospital addition is nearing completion. It will be a real joy to have the new surgical unit and delivery room which for so long a time have been badly needed.

How glad we are to have Miss Jorgenson home after four years of wandering to and fro to pinch-hit at other stations. This time we are going to keep her.

We were happy to welcome Miss Shepard back from Kikongo where she spent six weeks of vacation and language study.

We are looking forward with pleasure to the near return of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins and Priscilla.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown are, we hope, enjoying the Maine lakes and woods with their five boys.

Vanga is no longer a place far removed from the world. True, it still takes from a month to six weeks for our regular mail to come and go, but with auto roads opening all around us, we have many visitors. This summer we have had the pleasure of welcoming

many missionaries of other denominations as well as our own. Our last A.B.F.M.S. visitors were Miss Agnes Anderson of Kikongo; Mr. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. Engwall and their four daughters from Moanza. Every week brings someone from State, commercial companies or other mission stations. A few weeks ago our natives were thrilled, and some badly frightened, at the sight of the first aeroplane to fly over Vanga. With the new air line through Kikwit air service comes within four hours of Vanga (by auto).

We hope and pray for our work this year a spiritual blessing that will reach not only those of our own fold but far and beyond, that many who have not yet come into the Light may know the joy of salvation in Christ, our Savior, Lord and coming King.

Peggy Osterholm

KIKONGO NEWS NOTES

The dry season itineraries are over with and we are more encouraged by conditions in the field than we have been for some years. One young Muyaka pastor is doing a good job after a very shaky start. He was involved in witchcraft some time ago, but seems to have won out over old superstitions. We regret that another of our Bayaka pastors had to be sent to the hospital at Sona Bata for treatment.

Vanga station has loaned us one of their best men and we gave him a job that is testing every talent he has. So far he is everything that one could ask for in a pastor. His church is making exceptional progress in construction work, in contributions, in restoring backsliders, and in generating enthusiasm. We pray that

his ministry to the spiritual lives of the people will be deep and lasting.

Joseph Tuluka of Banza Manteke has been with us here at Kikongo for more than four years. He is going home for a visit and will then take over the work in the undeveloped region around Dinga in the Bayaka field. He will be going as a missionary of his own home churches in the Banza Manteka field. He will have the support of his good wife, Ma Talamaku, who is a splendid missionary in her own right.

School is opening officially now at the beginning of September. Already the whole group has been here for a month's work, previous to opening the classes. Fields have been made, houses repaired and a lot of cleaning up done. We give the students their food only during this month, it being a month's work in lieu of tuition.

Miss Alice Jorgenson has just left us after a year of very happy fellowship at Kikongo. Her services as a nurse and her splendid Christian witness have been greatly appreciated by both the natives and missionaries. We do not blame Vanga for wanting her back there as soon as possible.

Agnes Anderson arrived right in the middle of our largest and busiest Matondo. Two minutes after she came into the house it was difficult to realize that she had ever been away. We are thankful that she arrived before the war can cause trouble about ocean passages.

It was a joy to have Miss Shepard here for a few weeks during the dry season. Alice and Eva did a good job of holding down the station while Smiths and

Armstrongs itinerated the field.

Smithy had an agricultural fair in connection with the Kinkosi Matondo. It is a new idea to the natives, and the fact that everybody in the district had been working on roads and were released from work only for Sunday, arriving late on Saturday, did not help. However, interest was aroused when, in judging the exhibits, Smithy pointed out the differences between good and not-so-good poultry, grain, etc., and explained in simple terms what they might be doing to get better produce. Since he is working with the people in the villages as well as with the station people in his agricultural projects, we are sure that next year's fair will be both bigger and better. Our local territorial agent was at Kinkosi both for the fair and for the Sunday meetings.

B.W. Armstrong

SONA BATA NEWS

So much has happened since March, when last we reported, that it is going to be impossible to include everything, let alone recall it!

The first thing I remember is that it was in March that Dr. Tuttle opened two new clinics: one for expectant mothers, the other for the examination and treatment of childless couples. I know more about the former because Mrs. Lanoue and I were asked to hold a class for the women each Tuesday morning, following their check-up at the hospital. To date 75 have passed through this clinic, bringing the number of obstetrical cases up to 93 so far this year. In class, we teach them to sew little shirts and coverlets, after which

there is a devotional period, which I make mostly evangelistic in content, there being a large number of non-Christians in attendance. This is followed by a practical talk in hygiene by Ma Lubelo, our pastor's daughter, who, before her marriage, was one of our nurses. Another feature of this class is the preparation of baby beds. Knowing the women's reluctance to try anything new, we suggested the idea at first a bit timidly: they bring the bed (made of wood, wicker, or palm sticks); we give them materials from White Cross supplies with which to line them, make a mattress, and finally, when baby is born, two sheets and a blanket. A mosquito net may be made upon payment of two francs, to cover the cost of the netting. This is then hung over a curved palm stick, attached to either end of the bed. So far 35 women have taken advantage of this offer, with the result that most of the time our back veranda looks as if we were preparing for quintuplets! But how cute the babies look in their little beds when finally they are carried over to the hospital and put into use, and how happy the mothers are to have a safe place to put their infants when they are sleeping!

In April we had unusually lovely Easter services, which, this year, were in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Erickson, assisted by others. The decorations were all beautifully arranged as a background, on Good Friday, for the large white cross, above which was suspended, on Easter day, a representation of the Resurrection scene. The talks and the entire program were exceptionally fine and reverently presented. But the crowning feature was the message in song, presented by groups of school boys and girls, entirely in part

singing. It was the first time that the girls' voices had been included. How clearly they rang out in the processional, "Christ the Lord is risen today, Allelulia!", when they, on one side, the boys on the other, entered the church waving sprays of small yellow lilies; and in another hymn, sung so sweetly in two parts by the girls only. Some of this they shared in the afternoon with the hospital patients, others with the lepers out at their camp.

At the end of April came the happy arrival of Beverly Jean Lanoue. She was just in time to bid good-bye to Mr. and Mrs. Garner, who, for three and a half months, had been here and, with necessary assistance on our part, been painstakingly "shooting" the scenes for their "star" movie, "Bwamba", which has probably by now been released in New York by the Harmon Foundation, under whose auspices it was taken, for religious and educational purposes.

In May our graduation exercises took place, this year in the form of a joint program for those graduating from our station boarding school, as well as from our medical school. Diplomas were presented to the former by Dr. Carpenter, who made a very fine speech in Kikongo; to the latter by Dr. Harkawy — the government diplomas, and by Mr. Lanoue — the mission diplomas on behalf of the Board of Trustees. The church was beautifully decorated by Mrs. Erickson, and the whole ceremony very impressive. The pastors were all in for this occasion, which was preceded by their quarterly church meetings.

As far back as March marked the beginning of an unusual number of visitors, commencing with a visit from Mrs. Coxill, followed in April by the arrival

of, first Ruth Dickey, then Ted Bubeck, both on their way home on furlough. Later on, others of our members came from up and down the line, yes, from every one of our stations, especially around time for the Reference Committee meetings at Leopoldville in June: first Mary Bonar, then Mildred Tice, later the Geils from Banza Manteke; Dr. Mabie and also the Engwalls from Kimpese, before the latter's departure for Moanza; and, from time to time, the Halls and Watkins from Leopoldville. From Moanza, the Atkins; from Vanga, Dr. Osterholm and Lewis Brown; from Kikongo, the Smiths; from Tondo, the Browns. Not to mention friends from other missions or institutions, among the latter being our American Vice-Consul, Mr. Newman.

In June, on the other hand — really the middle of May with Dr. Tuttle's itinerary — there commenced almost a general exodus, either for itineration, for the Reference Committee Meetings at Leopoldville, or, for some, a change in station. We felt very sad indeed to have our good friends the Lanoues and Esther Ehnbom leave, the former for Kimpese, the latter for Banza Manteka, where she immediately joined Dr. Freas, who had already left for his recensement itinerary in that field.

Meanwhile our hearts were cheered by the return of Mildred Tice — on the Fourth of July, too, which gave us a double excuse for celebrating! Her coming, followed by the return of Miss Satterberg, gives us actually two nurses. So once more the desired requisite of two doctors and nurses for the staff of our medical school has been attained! How thankful we are and how greatly we are looking forward to

a fine year with the tremendous strain of double duty — hospital work and a heavy teaching program — thus appreciably lessened, making possible, as well, a more thorough and disciplined training of the students.

The first of August brought us back our "Ma" and "Pa". Yes, the MacDiarmids have returned amidst tremendous rejoicing on the part of us all, black and white alike. Catherine was here with us for a week before her departure by plane from Leopoldville to the A.P.C.M. School for Missionaries Children at Lubondai. But we are looking forward to her return for vacation next year and are surely counting her a member of our staff!

Finally, to complete our number, came Emily Satterberg and Vendla Anderson, just the day before the opening of Medical School. It was to welcome them that we persuaded the Halls and Mr. Newman to stay over night. And the latter conducted them from the station, perched aloft on the folded back top of his little sport car, from which vantage point they could wave to the welcoming crowd in real "Lindberg" style.

Two weeks after the medical school opened, came our Sona Bata Matonda. This was the last of the twelve Matondas which took place throughout our whole field during July and August, and which were attended by either Mr. MacDairmid or Mr. Erickson. Two hundred and forty-nine were baptized at these meetings, the largest number being at our newest church, Kimbata Lumba, among whom were quite a few of the Bamfunika tribe. The night before the Matonda opened here, a dedication service was held in the church for the

students, and their wives and children, going to our training school at Kimpese. The next morning the Matonda meetings began. At their conclusion it was found that the offerings from all the churches amounted to 6127 francs (not quite two hundred dollars). This the "bambuta" decided to divide: one half among the churches for salaries, etc.; one quarter for our village and regional schools; one quarter for work in our more distant fields.

Now our women's school, in charge of Mrs. Tuttle, has also started, and next week the station boarding schools for the boys and for the girls open, as well as the afternoon school (of lower grades) for our station children — and, we are hoping, a kindergarten, directed by Mrs. Erickson. So, you see, we shall all be in full swing by the time you read this, that is, unless the small-pox epidemic, which just broke out this week, does not subside! We are now in the process of vaccinating 5,000 people!

Let us pray that, in spite of the war clouds which have descended upon Europe, and which cannot but cast their shadow here as everywhere, this may be a profitable year for His kingdom, that many may be led to an acceptance of, and closer fellowship with, their Saviour.

Katherine S. Freas

BANZA MANTEKE MARCHES ON

One surely would say that Banza Manteke marches on if one were to see Mr. and Mrs. Geil with their bed loads, food, medicines, books, push-push, and what not, going from practically one end of the field

to the other during the dry season. Miss Bonar with her carriers also visited a large part of the field. Every sectional gathering was visited by one or the other.

Dr. Freas continues his monthly visits to Banza Manteke. He is on call most of the time. Operations are then the talk of the day. People come in from far away and return to their villages after having paid the huge sum of a dollar or two for an operation.

We are surprized at the nurses who are in charge of the rural dispensaries; each is proud of his work. They fill a great need. Baby clinics are also carried on in these dispensaries.

The lepers have been laboriously trying to get gardens started near their village which is about three miles from the station. Now that they have something to show the animals have been enjoying the fruits of their labor. A State official promised them a gun so they are looking forward to getting meat.

We now have an increase in our Banza Manteke population; over two hundred and fifty school children have arrived. Many more wanted to enter but for one reason or an other were not admitted. The scholastic standards are being continually raised due to the concerted action of Mrs. Geil, Miss Bonar and the native teachers. Before one can enter a Regional School one must be able to pass an examination, then again, before one can enter the school at Banza Manteke one must be able to pass an examination. Entrance to the station school is not only based on intelligence but also on character.

We are all looking forward eagerly to the return from Leopoldville of Miss Youngsman, our new missionary. May she be blessed and be a blessing.

Esther Ehnbom

THE BAYAKAS CALL

From a thousand hills Bayakas call;
For they can't quite understand why "all"
Does not mean them.
They've never heard the Great Commission,
But they've heard about "the Mission"
'mong other tribes.

In ten thousand homes Bayakas die,
Without the hope, as there they lie,
Of life in Him.
There must be longings in them still,
Which only Jesus Christ can fill
When they are His.

Ten thousand lost Bayaka lives
Christ would redeem, have realize
That they are His.
Why longer should Bayakas wait,
When who can know how long the gate
Will open be?

If the Bayakas will be lost,
Because we have not thought the cost
To save, worth while;
Christ will not have had His desire,
And their blood will He require,
At our hands.

T.E.B. Feb. 28, 1939.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. and Mrs. J.E.Geil
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Miss Lena Youngsman

KIKONGO

Rev.and Mrs. B.W.Armstrong
Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson

KIMPESE

Dr. C.L. Mabie
Rev. and Mrs. U.A.Lanoue

LEOPOLDVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. H.J.Watkins
Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Atkins
Rev. and Mrs. M.S. Engwall

NTONDO

Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson
Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Tuttle
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev.and Mrs. P.A.MacDiarmid
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson

VANGA

Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Miss Eva Shepard
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins

SPECIAL WORK

Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter

ON FURLOUGH

Rev. and Mrs. T.E. Bubeck
Rev. and Mrs.L.A. Brown
Miss Ruth Dickey
Miss Grace Cooper